That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoast of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.
O Coward conscience, how doest thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason: why?
Least I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?
O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lie, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemns me for a villaine:

Periurie

Periurie, periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule will pittie me:
And wherefore should they, since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I murtherd,
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat,
To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Ki. Zoundes, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I, the early village cocke
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearfull dreame,
What thinkst thou, ~~will our friends proue all true~~?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night,
Haue strooke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers,
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come, go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewse dropper,
To see if any meane to shrinke from me. *Exeu*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lor. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Crie mercie Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dream
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.